

## NEW MUSIC.

Anders and Scherer, a duo vocal, dedicated to Miss Arabella Goddard. By William Vincent Wallace. William Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

This is a composition of rare merit, an unusual one in these days, and refreshing from its novelty. As it is a duet, it is strictly for two voices, that is, two parts, the whole piece being in single notes or a single chord from the beginning to the end. The Prelude consists of two subjects, alternately developed by either hand, flowing smoothly and melodiously, and worked out consecutively with great care and fine finish. The Scherzo also consists of two subjects, but they are entirely distinct, each hand retaining its own throughout. The movement is perpetual, from the first note to the last there is neither rest nor stay. It is also very rapid, and the effect, when well played, is one of great brilliancy. It is not, of course, popular in its class, but it is so well made, so fine in its form, and so true in its proportions, that even the uninitiated yield to its involuntary admiration. As a study it is invaluable, and as a solo piece, either for the parlor or for concert purposes, it will always prove effective. The celebrated pianist Miss Arabella Goddard, to whom it is dedicated, has played it with extraordinary success throughout England and Germany, where it is esteemed as a composition of learning, ingenuity and talent.

Tarentelle. Pour le Piano. Par Wm. V. Wallace. William Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

The Tarentelle is a favorite style of composition with all writers. It is very marked in its character—by turns wild, dashing, tender and persuasive. It affords scope both for sentiment and fancy. Mr. Wallace has seized both of these characteristics, and has produced a spirited Tarentelle, which can hardly fail to be popular. The melody of the principal subject is national and catching, and, in difficulty, it is within the reach of moderate players.

La Belle Danseuse. Rondo Elegante pour Piano. Par Wm. Vincent Wallace. William Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

The Rondo form is but little in vogue now, and yet in that form some of our most charming piano music has been written. Here and there we find a man bold enough to take hold of it, and in the piece before us Mr. Wallace has done it very pleasantly, making a graceful and melodious rondo for the salon.

Forme du Destin. Polka Mazurka. Par Charles Fradel. William Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

Mr. Fradel has chosen a pleasant and characteristic subject from the opera, and has made an effective and well-marked Polka-Mazurka, and one that will be popular, for it is melodious, brilliant and easy. It is dedicated to Miss Lena Gunther of this city.

The Joke Polka. For the Piano. By Paul Steinhegen. Wm. Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

This is a capital polka, spirited, well-marked, and pretty in melody. It was much played during the past season, and was popular everywhere.

Fifteenth Infantry Quickstep. Composed by L. Oberst. Wm. Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

This is quite a good quickstep, neither new nor striking, but pretty in melody and marked in time. It is dedicated to Col. O. L. Shepherd, of the 15th Infantry, U. S. A., by the composer, the leader of the band. It has a very handsome colored title-page, with the flags of the Regiment, and in a wreath of oak leaves are inscribed the names of the battles in which the Regiment distinguished itself.

The Sea Breeze Galop. Composed by Paul Steinhegen. Wm. Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

A good, brisk galop, spirited, effective, well written and easy. It is dedicated to W. H. McCready, Esq.

3 Dream of the Sweet Smile. Words by J. Dexter Smith. Music by J. L. Thomas. Wm. Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

A very pretty ballad, smooth and flowing in melody, and tender in sentiment. The close is a little out of the stereotyped ballad way, which makes it more effective in performance. It is dedicated to G. G. Woodcock, Esq.

"Give me those Moonlit Hours." Duet, written by Francis H. Murray. Composed by Mrs. E. A. Farquhar. Wm. Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

It is hardly possible to characterize this duet. It is so full of errors and so unusual in every way. Half the time the accompaniment is at cross purposes with the voice; one will hold a sharp and the other a natural, on the same degree; harmony is constantly disregarded, and the laws of composition utterly discarded. It has no redeeming quality and is of that pernicious class of music, of which so much is published, which lowers the taste from its morbid, affected sentimentality and ruins the ear by familiarizing it with false and abominable harmony. The time will come when the public will hold the publisher responsible for the character of the works he issues. If Ticknor & Fields, or Carleton were to issue in literature such poor, ungrammatical trash as our music publishers do in music, they would be condemned by the whole press, and could not maintain their position. There is no excuse for publishing musical abominations. It is true, we must always have music of ideas, as we have no ideal books, but there is no necessity for their being ungrammatical. A competent proof-reader could remedy all these errors, and our publishers owe it to the public that such a one should be employed. They should combine and pay some good musician \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year, and the desired end would be effected. They might assign the ambitious composers for setting their grammar right, which would materially reduce the cost. Such an assignment would assuredly drive the paying parties to the study of harmony, and the art and the public would be benefited in a certain degree, and the knowledge of harmony would be more generally disseminated. Our previous comments in this direction have induced two or three to study harmony, and we have no doubt that many others will follow their example.

"O Loving Heart, Trust On." Song written by Henry C. Wood. Composed by L. M. Gottschalk. William Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

This is in every way the most thoughtful and truly musical song that we have seen from the pen of Mr. Gottschalk. The words are treated with an earnestness and breadth of manner which develops their sentiment and enlarges their meaning. The symphony gives the key-note to the vein of thought, and the accompaniment throughout, while it is properly subordinate, is suggestive, and while it sustains, also enforces the leading idea. The melody is hopeful and contemplative, and rises into passionate intensity in its expression of faith. This song is an inspiration; its spontaneousness is unquestionable, and the influence of the pure and passionate thought will be felt by all who hear it.

Catalpa Polka. Composed by J. J. Watson. William Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

A pretty little fragment of a polka, playable and danceable. It is dedicated to D. M. Eaton, Esq.

Etude Impromptu a men and. Henry C. Wood. Pour le Piano. Par W. K. Bassford. Wm. Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

This is one of Mr. Bassford's best compositions for the piano. It is free in its inspiration and compact in its thought; the subjects are well conceived and well worked. The first is graceful in thought and form, and the second, a movement Religioso, is a fine, grave melody, richly harmonized. The intermediate leading to the first subject is felicitously and artistically managed, and the whole is a composition which exhibits unquestionable talent and thorough schooling. Mr. Bassford's notation is elaborately correct, and he exhibits great care in the proper marking of his compositions, a duty which too many writers slight under the inadmissible plea of carelessness. In all that he puts before the public, Mr. Bassford gives evidence of a conscientious love of his art, and we look upon him as one of the most promising of our rising young artists. This Etude Impromptu will be found an admirable study, and should command a large circulation with our best teachers.

The Last Star. Ballad, written by Henry Fradel. Composed by William Vincent Wallace. William Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

It is always pleasant to fall in with a song by Wallace, for we are sure to find truthful and earnest feeling, and fine, musicianly treatment. The song

under notice is very charming; words and music both are beautiful in sentiment and expression. Such songs do good wherever they are sung; for they cultivate the taste in the right direction. We can commend this beautiful song very warmly. It is dedicated to that distinguished vocalist and composer, Mr. J. R. Thomas.

Souvenir De Cracovie. Mazurka pour le Piano. Par William V. Wallace. William Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

Wallace has written some of the most exquisite mazurkas that were ever penned. We are not inclined to make any exceptions in this statement, and those who judge without prejudice will sustain our remark. We could name half a dozen which for spontaneous inspiration, marked characteristics of form and sentiment, will bear comparison with any; and we should think that it would pay the publishers (William Hall & Son, who hold the copyrights) to reproduce them in a new and uniform edition. The "Souvenir de Cracovie" is a very charming mazurka, and will become a household favorite wherever it is appreciatively played.

Petroleum Court Dance. Schottische. Polka and Galop. Music by Charles Fradel and H. C. Watson. William Hall & Son, No. 543 Broadway.

This may be termed, emphatically, oil music, first, because it is dedicated to the ladies of the United States by the New-York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company, and, secondly, because Mr. Fradel's dance music is so easy, so melodious and so marked that it is only in its measure and giddily danceable. This piece contains four dances in one cover, all sparkling and clever in their character, and is embellished with a superb colored lithographed title-page, done in the best style of art. It is well written, spirited, and will become popular, as each of the dances can be used separately for terpsichorean purposes.

## NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Fortieth Annual Exhibition.  
(Second Article.)

Place six dames!

It may, possibly, offend some good women to see themselves set apart for special criticism; they would prefer to have their work measured by the same scale as the men's. The Academy has not given us a separate column; they will say: "why do you give us a separate column?"

Ten years ago this would have been just rebuke; ten years hence it will be just again; but to-day it is not just. Ten years ago there were few women in America drawing or painting whose work was worth notice at all; ten years hence there will be so many, and such clever, able ones, that their excellence will be a thing of course; there will be little to distinguish their work from that of the men; but to-day it is exceptional, and shows such progress and such promise that we think we can best emphasize the expression of our pleasure in it, if we help it, by speaking of it in this way.

"The Scrap Book." No. 568. Miss J. OAKLEY.

There is not an artist whose exhibited pictures this year show such a decided improvement over his former work as Miss Oakley has shown in this little picture over all that she has hitherto done. It has been a constant surprise, as well as pleasure, to us ever since the exhibition opened, and we are glad to see that her merits are largely recognized. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise; it is a pretty subject, naturally and prettily conceived, and the execution is at once so clever and so unaffected that the picture is easily understood by everybody.

The subject is simple enough. A little girl—English all over, down to her tiny, cunning sandals—is sitting in an old-fashioned chair with a high, carved back, cutting and trimming prints to paste into her scrap-book. Her chair is in front of another old-fashioned piece of furniture, a chest of drawers with slender curved legs, and brass handles and key-plates to the drawers, and on its top there are a variety of knick-knacks; a small easel, books, a mirror, with some peacock feathers and other trappings.

Miss Oakley has shown good sense, and a just appreciation of what she can do, by not essaying anything more difficult than this simple nursery scene. On one occasion, and only one, as we remember, she showed herself more ambitious, and painted a subject that contained a great many figures, and demanded more skill than she then possessed. It cringed abjectly, however, and proved that she was patient, painstaking, and a nice observer. This present picture confirms all that we then predicted for her, in another place.

The painting of the accessories in this little picture, the furniture, the books, the easel is very careful and realistic. Unless it be in Mr. C. C. Coleman's, or Kraus's work, or the goblets of water, the ground-glass dish and some of the other things on Mr. Farrer's "Breakfast-table" we do not know anything on the walls of the sort, that is so good. It certainly is better than Mr. Leuten's cabinet and "bride-a-bride" in No. 329, although not as pretentious. Mr. Leuten's accessories look made up, although, perhaps, they are not; but, then, everything he paints looks made up. Miss Oakley's, on the contrary, has evidently been carefully, studiously painted from the things themselves, and the result shows a good deal of skill of hand and accurate observation. It will repay looking at, again and again. You look at Leuten's, smile at the quaint, fancy, glance at the dexterous handling, and never look at it again.

Mr. Leuten's young girl is a failure, merely smartly painted, and with nothing in her face, but, then, she is a failure because this artist never can put anything worth looking at, loving, honoring, or even heartily laughing at in a human face; all that he does, or can do, in this respect, is superficial and theatrical. He paints tableaux, not pictures. Miss Oakley's little girl, on the other hand, is not quite a failure, but we can't care much for her. As it is, evidently, not a portrait, and, as, if it were, flattery would do the child no good, we will record that she is a well-behaved, inquisitive, little irreproachable doll of a thing, who, no doubt, "wants to be an angel." No child that had any character would ever sit quietly on that tall chair, so tall as to make a foolish necessity, and cut out pictures by the hour. But, then, there are children just like her, and the only fault we can find with Miss Oakley is, that the people she paints are generally of the good, but insipid sort, who cannot interest us with ones at all. However, if she enjoys such people, we hope she will by all means paint them, because she can do it well, and the contemplation of their meanness, indifference, and good breeding, can only be improving to the spectator.

A Wreath of Flowers. No. 44. An Arcadian of Flowers. No. 20—Miss Rose.

No. 34 is somewhat weak, and the wreath hangs askew, beside that there seems no reason for its hanging there at all; but No. 23 is much stronger. Just at present Miss Rose is a willing slave to Mr. La Farge, whose lively she wears without any attempt at concealment, indeed, in No. 84 she not only imitates his style but she follows his subject. However, there is no harm in this, for No. 23 shows that, before long, she will make an effective declaration of independence.

Miss Rose evidently accepts what we take to be Mr. La Farge's theory, that drawing is of no importance whatever, but that color is everything. So we have this arcadian full of flowers in which it is difficult to identify a single one, but which make a fine rich show of splendid hues harmoniously arranged and grouped naturally and skillfully enough. There is no doubt that Miss Rose has a strong feeling for rich, bright, sumptuous color. But, to be a colorist means more than this. It won't do to restrict the life to those who only care for such harmonies as these. There is delicate color as well as powerful, and a great colorist, a colorist with the "great" enjoys and can give us both. We recommended an artist last year who showed a fondness for brick and clay colors; he recommended Miss Oakley to look long at such flowers as these of Miss Rose's to keep her table with them, to study them and paint them; Miss Rose, on the other hand, needs to look at delicate hues. Let her go to the fish-market and study the fresh pail, for which miserable confections of mother-of-pearl it is getting rather late, the mackerel will answer, however, and even the bass; let her buy lettuce to the extent of her means, and feed her eyes on

the lovely tenderness of the innermost green of its succulent heart. Her love of color wants refining. It is exaggerated. If she does not take warning in time, it will become morbid.

Malaga Grapes. No. 505; Grapes and Apples. No. 555—Miss Wenzel.

Neither of Miss Wenzel's subjects is as good as she sometimes chooses, but they are both painted with her usual conscientious care. Her great danger is of being too hard and mechanical; she cannot be said to have escaped it in No. 505; surely, there never was such an inexpressible bunch of Malagas pulled out of any grove of sawdust in the world! They look painfully good. They have frowned down with complete success the slightest tendency to peccadillo on the part of any member of the community; not one of these berry globes has dared even to think of getting beyond the mere mention of shivering has not been tolerated. They are so determined to be good grapes, and get the prize, that they won't even let their seeds suggest their existence. These Malagas evidently grew in Utopia! Why won't Miss Wenzel, who can do anything that clever hands, a patient heart and clear eyes can accomplish, paint us, next year, some natural fruit, not too sound or good for human nature's daily food? The grapes in No. 555 are much better. They are not too proud to allow a few rustic companions to enjoy their improving society.

Sculpture Gallery—"Puck" by Miss Hoxam.

If this little work had had another name it might have been accepted as pretty enough, but of fancy, but "Robin Goodfellow" is more of a boy than this! This little, little Puck is the half of what Oberon and Titania are to him. This is not William Shakespeare's "Puck" at all! Sir Joshua's, perhaps, but Sir Joshua's is cleaner-lined, and knows more. It might have been designed without the artist ever having read a word of Shakespeare, but it would never have been made unless she had studied Sir Joshua's elf and well! It is not, in any sense, a creation; the sculpture is delicate; but we suppose the artist claims no credit for her workman's skill, and, therefore, we suppose we may dismiss it as being only a pretty toy. It is a pity to waste such a beautiful piece of marble on a toy but Miss Hoxam is not the only one who finds it profitable, we dare say. Her work stands well the comparison with any other in the room, saving only the masculine bronze of Henry K. Brown, "The Striking Indian," which in Mr. Quincy Ward's regrettable absence comforts us with the assurance that all the sculptors are not turned confederates.

"Africa"—Miss Whitney.

Nor all the women, either, as witness this bold personification of Miss Whitney, from whose weak and unmeaning "Godiva" at Schumacher's Rooms we should have learned to hope for anything strong at her hands.

This "Africa" is, indeed a most presumptuous work, but it has some meaning. Still, it is a great mistake for any man or woman, to take so slightly a subject. Angelo himself, if he had lived in our day, and comprehended all that this subject means, would hardly have dared to summon such an imprisoned imagination from the marble block. His highest subject is pretty beside it. And yet, a beginner, with undisciplined powers, without true comprehension of the vastness of the theme, without the culture to feel the absolute necessity of imaginative treatment and without the judgment to teach her that imagination in such a case, must necessarily include the characteristics of the personified race, offers us this feeble, half-formed figure as a representative of that Ethiopia that shall yet stretch out her hands to God! Of course, it is a disastrous failure. We do not know the man living in whose hands it would not have been, in conception, an equal failure, although there are men enough who have perceived that such an immense mass of flesh must have a few bones in it somewhere to enable it to stand or even to lie. One good result of the rough training men get is that they are ashamed to expose their ignorance to other men—women are ruder and count on forgiveness, perhaps on toleration. But it will be good for them not to be allowed these immunities any longer.

The best view of this mighty woman is from the doorway of the west gallery, looking through it at the back of her head and her shoulders. There is considerable rude strength on that side, and Miss Whitney shows by it that if she will take the trouble, she can learn to learn to walk before she attempts tight rope dancing, something may come of her yet. Seen, however, from the side, the statue is an amazing compound of poverty of conception and ignorance of the structure of the human body. The right arm is especially feeble, and the feet are only half formed. But the failure of the whole body is as nothing to the face, which is without either character, or force, or beauty. It is not in the least like the African type, which Miss Whitney has no more dared to accept than Mr. Story in his Libyan Sibyl, and it wants the sensuous beauty of which his statue has considerable. The attitude of Miss Whitney's figure seems to us to have but little expression. She is waking up, apparently, but her way of doing it is borrowed, not from nature, but from the stage.

If Miss Whitney is going to be a sculptor, she needs to learn the lesson of true simplicity, and to understand that imagination and convolution are not synonymous. The sublime lies in her breadth, and if this "Africa" were as large as the mastodon it might still be small. However, we shall not leave the artist without rendering her our thanks for having resolved to belittle her statue with a touch of finical detail. If she could have introduced a few links of chain, or a bit of netting or a necklace, or a tassel or a shell, and had the thing neatly cut by her workman, she would not have earned our praise better, but she might have earned that of others no doubt better worth having.

Commercial Markets.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—May 19.

U. S. 6s, 1881, Reg.	March, Exch. Bk.	Reading.
3,000.	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1880, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
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U. S. 6s, 1799, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1798, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1797, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1796, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1795, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1794, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1793, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1792, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1791, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1790, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1789, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1788, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1787, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1786, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1785, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1784, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1783, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1782, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1781, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1780, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1779, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1778, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1777, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1776, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1775, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1774, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1773, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1772, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1771, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1770, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1769, Reg. <td>109.</td> <td>101.</td>	109.	101.
U. S. 6s, 1768, Reg. <td></td>		